

The Watchman and Southron.

WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1883.

New Series—Vol. III. No. 15.

Watchman and Southron.
Published every Tuesday,
by
The Watchman and Southron Publishing
Company,
SUMTER, S. C.
TERMS:
Two Dollars per annum—in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS:
Square first insertion, \$1.00
Second insertion, 50 cents
Third and subsequent insertions, 25 cents
For three months, or longer will
be made at reduced rates.
All communications which subscribe private
names will be charged for as advertisements.
Advertisements and notices of respect will
be given the preference.
We accept of contracts for advertising
in the Watchman and Southron, or apply at
the office of the Watchman and Southron
Publishing Company, No. 100 West-st.,
Sumter, S. C., Business Manager.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

STOP, READ AND CONSIDER!

W. H. YATES
OFFERS TO HIS CUSTOMERS AND THE
PUBLIC GENERALLY

A large and Well Assorted stock of
Heavy and Fancy Groceries.
Fresh arrivals daily.
And all goods guaranteed as represented.

Crockery, Glassware, Lamps.
A large variety of Crockery, Glassware and
Lamps, of every description just opened.
Call early and get bargains.

TIN-WARE
My stock of Tin-ware is complete, embracing
everything in general use. Special in-
structions offered to purchasers. The Kitchen
Chest and the Harvest Set consist of ten
pieces of tin-ware, all useful articles, for one
dollar, made with patent fire-proof bottoms,
and guaranteed not to leak.

Tobacco, Cigars, &c.
My stock of Smoking and Chewing Tobacco,
and an elegant assortment of Cigars of vari-
ous brands. The DUKE OF DURHAM
CIGARETTES, sold by the thousand or single
cigarette. Also a good assortment of Pipes.

Wooden and Willow Ware.
A full line offered in Tubs, Buckets, Baskets,
Washboards, Sieves, Well Buckets, Brooms,
&c., &c.

TWIN BED SPRINGS.
I am now making the Twin Bed Springs,
and selling them at the exceedingly low price
of \$3.50 a set. One mattress is sufficient to
make a comfortable bed where these springs
are used. Every set guaranteed to give satisfac-
tion, or money refunded.

WHEAT BRAN AND RICE FLOUR
Always on hand.
The best and cheapest feed for stock.
Purchasers will do well to call and examine
my stock and prices. "Money saved is money
made."

All goods delivered free of charge to any part
of the city.

W. H. YATES, SUMTER, S. C.
Opposite Jno. Reid's.

PHONE AND FAIR DEALING
WINDS.
THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY
ENSURES SATISFACTION.

BULTMANN & BRO.

and in their regular line of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
they have the
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK THEY
HAVE EVER HAD.

All of which they will sell at the same
LOW PRICES which has made them
LEADERS IN THEIR LINE
for quality and price. The

BOOT, SHOE AND HAT TRADE of SUMTER
has not been witnessed so complete a line of
SOLID AND DURABLE GOODS, AT
SO LOW PRICES,

As are now offered at their store. All
goods warranted as heretofore. Do not fail
to call and examine stock before buying.
Sept 18

LANDS FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED has several tracts
from 230 to 400 acres each, of GOOD
COTTON LAND FOR SALE, with good
buildings, spring water, convenient to schools
and churches and good soil.

Apply to
W. H. YATES, Sumter, S. C.
Sept 18

FARM FOR SALE.
MY FARM OF 88 ACRES—about 50
acres in cultivation—situated 2 1/2 miles
from Sumter, on a Central R. R. (known as
the Double place), is offered for sale at
reasonable price for part cash. There are
on the place a good frame dwelling of two
stories with piazzas, barn and other
out-buildings, a well, 50-Saw
Gin, and there are three wells of good
water. The land is well adapted to cot-
ton and other crops.

Time to Stop It.
It's too bad, Sir or Madam, don't get
frightened. Your hair is falling off—that's
certain. A glance in the mirror, or an in-
vestigating committee of fingers tell the dismal
story. We won't discuss the possible cause.
It is enough that Parker's Hair Balsam used
now will prevent further destruction. Is
your hair somewhat gray, too and crisp?
Alas yes! The Balsam will give back the
original color, softness and gloss. Not a dye,
not oily, elegantly perfumed, a perfect
dressing.

Half Out of His Head.
"Blessed be the man," said Don Quixote's
weary squire, "who invented sleep." Saicho's
gratitude is ours, but what if one cannot for
any reason enjoy that excellent invention?
"Nervousness in me had become a disease,"
writes Mr. William Coleman, the well known
wholesale druggist of Buffalo, N. Y.
"I could not sleep, and my nights were
either passed in that sort of restlessness which
nearly crazes a man, or in a kind of stupor,
haunted by torturing dreams. Having
tried Parker's Tonic for other troubles, I
tried it also for this. The result both sur-
prised and delighted me. My nerves were
toned to concert pitch, and like Caesar's fat
men, I fell into the ranks of those who sleep
of nights. I should add that the Tonic
speedily did away with the condition of gen-
eral debility and dyspepsia occasioned by my
previous sleeplessness, and gave me strength
and perfect digestion. In brief, the use of the
Tonic thoroughly re-established my health.
I have used Parker's Tonic with entire success
for sea-sickness and for the bowel disorders
incident to ocean voyages."

This preparation has heretofore been known
as Parker's Ginger Tonic. Hereafter it will
be advertised and sold under the name of
Parker's Tonic—omitting the word "ginger."
Hiscox & Co. are induced to make this change
by the action of unprincipled dealers who
have for years deceived their customers by
substituting inferior preparations under the
name of ginger. We drop the misleading
word all the more willingly, as ginger is an
unimportant flavoring ingredient in our
Tonic.

Please remember that no change has been,
or will be, made in the preparation itself, and
all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers,
wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger
Tonic, contain the genuine medicine in the
fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the
bottom of the outside wrapper.

I used Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for a bad
case of Blood Poison from Malaria, and am
satisfied that it saved my life, as I was given
up to die.
C. G. SPENCE,
Sup't. Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

ORGANS.
If you ever intend to BUY AN ORGAN now
is the time. Call in and examine the
CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS.

These I sell on the
INSTALLMENT PLAN
and make payments to suit purchasers.
A liberal discount from prices made
for CASH.

D. J. AULD,
Oct 30

PATENTS
Obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent
Office, attended to for MODERATE FEES.
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office,
and we can obtain patents in less time than
those remote from WASHINGTON.

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as to patentability free of charge; and we make
NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN
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of Money Order Div., and to officials of the
U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice,
terms and reference to actual cases in your
own State, or county address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
August 8

THE BEST SHOE
—IS THE—
PENITENTIARY MADE,
SOLD AT A SMALL MARGIN BY
E. P. RICKER & CO.

ALL KINDS OF MERCHANDISE
—SOLD AT—
A VERY SMALL PROFIT.
E. P. RICKER & CO.,
OPPOSITE THE RED PUMP.
Sept 18

MY DEAR:
DO YOU KNOW THE REASON
WHY PEOPLE WANT TO BUY
THE WILSON LIGHTNING SEWER
in preference to any other
SEWING MACHINE?

We will tell you.
BECAUSE it has no Cogs, Gears or Gears.
BECAUSE it has no Rawhide or Felt
Packings.

BECAUSE it has no Cast-Iron Parts painted
over to cover its defects, and which
BECAUSE it does not shake, rattle or
dance all over the floor when run at a high
rate of speed.

BECAUSE it has two speeds—one for fine
work or a delicate operator, and the other
for fast speed, so that you can do one-third
more work in a day than can be done on any
other Sewing Machine.

BECAUSE it runs Light and Easy.
BECAUSE its motion can be taken up
after years of wear without changing or put-
ting in new parts, which cannot be done
with any other Sewing Machine.

BECAUSE it saves rips and tears.
BECAUSE it does the most elegant designs
in embroidering without an attachment.

BECAUSE it does not break the thread or
needle when run back wards.

We could tell you for hours of its Superiority
over all other Sewing Machines. We think
this is sufficient reason why people should
buy the WILSON. It is sold on very easy
terms.

BULTMANN & BRO.,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
SUMTER, S. C.
Aug 21

FOR SALE.
A DOUBLE-CASE, LADY'S SIZE,
GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN, used
about six months, and in perfect running
order, for sale at this office.

BLANKS

LIENS,
TITLES,
MORTGAGES,
BILLS OF SALE,
BONDS,
And Other Blanks in Variety,
FOR SALE
AT THIS OFFICE.

HIS GIRL.
BY M. S. BRIDGES.

Her eyes are lovely. I won't tell
What has their loveliness made slow;
Her braided hair becomes me well;
In color like—but ah, no! no!
That is my secret—red or brown,
It is the prettiest hair in town!

She walks with such a dainty charm,
But whether she be short or tall,
Of rounded limb or slyph like form,
Her figure suits me—that is all!
Nor do I choose the world to know
If silk her dress, or calico.

My precious girl is worth her weight,
Not in rough gold, but diamonds fine,
And whether that be small or great
I leave the reader to divine.
Ask me to gauge her solid worth—
She would outweigh the whole round earth!

To rhyme her praise is such delight
That I must keep it to myself,
Lest one should better verses write
And lay me gently on the shelf.
I am not jealous, but you see
This charming girl—belongs to me.

—Continued.
A Very Queer Story.

**Gen. Wade Hampton's Diamonds—
Buried near Greenville and Re-
covered at Knoxville.**

(Knoxville, Tenn., Tribune.)
A leading physician related to a
reporter of the Tribune a few days
since the interesting story of Wade
Hampton's diamonds. Many of our
other citizens are well acquainted with
the particulars of the interesting
episode, but we give it for the bene-
fit of those who do not remember it,
or never heard of it.

About the year 1867, Dr. S. H.
Smith, Consul, resident at Mexico
City, and Rev. James A. Lyons, at
present a member of Holston Con-
ference, M. E. Church, South, were
engaged in the jewelry business in
the corner room under the Lamar
House, now occupied by Isaac
White's barber shop.

One day a rather rough looking
mountaineer, dressed in butternut
pantalons and hunting shirt, entered
the door and sauntered around the
counter elbowing the show cases and
behaving just like he was lost among
the glittering things of gold, silver
and bronze.

After some time Dr. Smith ap-
proached him and asked if there was
anything he could do for him.
"Yes," the stranger replied, drawing
an old fashioned ball's eye silver
cased watch from the folds of his
hunting shirt. "What will ye give
me for this watch?"

"Well, how much would you be
willing to take?" the Doctor asked.
"I'll take \$10."

"That's a bargain," replied the Doc-
tor, and taking the watch, opened the
case and read. "Presented to Gen.
Wade Hampton by _____,
1868."

After pocketing the ten dollar bill
the stranger drew from his pocket a
heavy gold breast pin, with a magni-
ficent diamond sparkling in the cen-
tre, and offered it for \$5. Dr. Smith
promptly paid him for it, and was sur-
prised to see him bring forth an extra
heavy gold bracelet, bearing an ele-
gant gem of an unusual size, set in
a cluster of rose leaves. These he of-
fered for \$10, which was promptly
taken up.

He then offered a solitary finger
ring, diamond ear rings and other
diamonds of great value, all of which
found a ready purchaser in the per-
son of Dr. Smith. As the stranger
finished his trading and was preparing
to leave, satisfied with his great
bargains, as he thought, Mr. Lyons
and a policeman, who had watched the
transactions through the window,
closed the door and asked the jewel
laden stranger to give an account of
himself.

He was perfectly dumfounded at
being confronted by a policeman, and
proceeded to tell a disconnected,
rambling story of how he came in
possession of the jewels, which didn't
exactly suit the preserver of peace,
who soon began to realize that he had
struck a bonanza, so to speak, and
hurried the poor fellow off to jail to
await further developments.

Smith and Lyons at once wrote
General Wade Hampton, who had
just become famous as a soldier in the
rebellion, asking him to reply by tele-
graph if the jewelry belonged to him,
and describing it.

He replied in due time in the af-
firmative, and requested the authori-
ties to hold the prisoner and the jew-
elry until further orders from him.

In the meantime Col. J. C. Lut-
trell, then Mayor of this city, took
charge of the jewelry and held it until
it was called for by an agent of Gen.
Wade Hampton, who carried the prop-
er credentials, signed by Gen.
Hampton, himself.

The agent started to the authorities
at the breaking out of the war
Wade Hampton had put the jewels in
a box together with some plate, and
had buried them in a secluded spot
on the side of a mountain, near Green-
ville, S. C. for safe keeping through
the ravages of the impending war,
and that on returning from the field,
Gen. Hampton found that the box
had been removed, and presumed that
it had been taken by Northern sol-
diers who would never think of re-
turning such valuable family trea-
sures.

Meanwhile the wealthy prisoner,
after being confined in jail several
days, had become fully quieted and
composed, and said that while hunt-
ing in the mountains he saw the cor-
ner of a box sticking out of the ground,
which contained the jewelry and what
he supposed to be a lot of pyxter
plates, which he and his companion
melted and made bullets of.

The stranger's story and that of the
agent's were so similar in every re-
spect that the authorities decided to
discharge this prisoner. On taking
him from the jail, which stood then
where Col. C. J. McClung's residence
now stands, he stood for several min-
utes as if taking bearings and then
catching a glimpse of the Chilhowee

Eagle Against Game Cocks.

A Battle in Which the Bird of Free-
dom Does all the Crowing.

[From the Santa Barbara Press.]
A fine specimen of the American
eagle, caught on one of the islands
opposite Santa Barbara some time
ago, has been kept tied up in the
yard of Birabont's Hotel for some
time, awaiting a purchaser. This no-
ble bird was sold Friday, and was
temporarily placed in the yard of a
game fowl fancier, who smiled signifi-
cantly when warned that the eagle
might hurt his fowls. The grim-look-
ing bird had not been in the yard
long before the game cocks began to
crow and strut up and down in front
of the strange visitor. The eagle sat
quietly in the centre of the yard, ap-
parently unconscious of the presence
of the noisy game cocks, until sud-
denly one of them flew at him and
struck him upon one of his wings.

He looked down upon the little
chattering bird with a curious inquisitive
glance, as much as to inquire what
was the matter? Then another brave
game fowl struck him in the breast,
while another one lit him on the neck.
This noble bird now opened his wings
with a lazy, leisurely swing, erected
his chest feathers and his eyes seemed
to blaze like coals of fire. The Ameri-
can eagle was becoming inter-
ested in the business and rather an-
grily. Again one of the golden pheas-
ant fowls dashed recklessly at the
eagle, grasping a bunch of feathers
in its attack. Before it could re-
cover from its charge the eagle had
extended one of its talons and seized
the game cock by its neck and by a
dextrous swing laid it fluttering and
quivering beneath its left foot.

The second game fowl then charged
upon the huge stranger, whose wings
were now half opened and lazily ris-
ing and falling. As the game cock
struck it was met with a blow from
the eagle's wing, and as it fell was
caught in the open talons of the cap-
tive foe and laid struggling and dying
upon the ground. The victor did not
appear to be the least excited, and
after thus disposing of its trouble-
some adversary, lazily stepped
to one side and seemed to re-
lapse into a state of meditative reflec-
tion, every once in a while looking
down indifferently upon the bloody
tropics of its power, lying dead at
its feet.

The New Agricultural Editor.

At two o'clock P. M. the first vis-
itor showed up at the door of the of-
fice, and Dyke cordially invited him
inside. The farmer entered hesita-
tingly, and remarked that he had ex-
pected to meet the proprietor, with
whom he had an appointment to dis-
cuss ensilage.

"I am in charge of the journal," said
Dyke.
"Oh, you are? Well, you seem to
have a pretty clean office here."

"Yes," replied Dyke. "But about
this ensilage. Ensilage is a pretty
good breed, isn't it?"

"Breed?" exclaimed the farmer.
"Why—"
"I mean its a sure crop; something
that you can rely on."

"Crop? Why isn't it a crop at all?"
"Yes, yes, I know it isn't a crop," said
Dyke, perspiring until his collar be-
gan to melt away down the back of
his neck; "but you can do better and
cleaner work with a good, sharp en-
silage on stubly ground than—"

"You take it for a sulky plow, don't
you?"
"No, no," said Dyke. "You don't
seem to understand me. Now, if a
farmer builds an ensilage on low
ground—"

"Builds an ensilage! You seem to
have got the thing mixed up with
some kind of a granary."

"Pshaw! no," continued Dyke. "I
must make myself plainer. You see
this ensilage, properly mixed with
one part guano and three parts hy-
phosphate of antimony, with the
addition of a little bran and tankard,
and the whole flavored with chloride
of lime, makes a top dressing for
strawberry beds which—"

"Why ensilage isn't a manure!"
"No, not exactly," said poor Dyke,
grinning like an alms-house idiot,
"not at all in the true sense of the
word. My plan has always been to
lasso the hog with a trace chain, and
after pinning his ears back with a
clothes pin, put the ensilage into his
nose with a pair of tweezers."

"My good lands! You don't use
ensilage to ring hogs!"
The farmer very slowly arose, and
with some evidence of rheumatic
twinges in his legs.

"You are a long ways from home, ain't
you?"
"Yes," replied Dyke, drooping his
eyes beneath the stern glances of the
farmer. "In my ancestral halls in Eng-
land, sad-eyed retainers wearily wait
and watch for my return."

"Go home, young man, go home to
your feudal castle, and while on your
way across the rolling dale, muse on
the fact that ensilage is simply caused
food for live stock—put up expressly
for family use in a silo, which is noth-
ing less than an air-tight pit where
cuckoos, grass, millet, clover, alfalfa,
and other green truck is preserved
for winter use, as green and verdant
as the sub-editor of *The Farmer's
Friend and Cultivator's Companion.*
—Texas Siftings.

A Baltimorean has a cage of mon-
keys. By way of variety he put a cat
in with them, much to their delight.
On taking it out the other day there
was a terrible howling on both sides.
The cat refused to eat, and the monkeys
sat licking the tears out of each other's
eyes for days. Finally the cat was put
back, and then there was great joy.
It licked all the little monkeys, and the
big ones took turns in bugging it until
its tongue stuck out.

Water, as warm as can be sipped—
one cup or more one hour before meals—
has relieved more cases of indigestion
and dyspepsia than all advertised reme-
dies ever will.

Programme for Fair Week.

As letters are daily received asking
for information as to this and that
amusement, the *Register* will again
publish the programme for the week.
The Fair will open on Tuesday, 13th,
and continue until Friday, the 16th,
inclusive.

Tuesday, 13th—The Fair and
the races will occupy the attention of vis-
itors by day and the Opera House will
be open at night.

Wednesday, 14th—The Fair and
races by day, the bicycle races includ-
ed. Also, the Japanese fireworks in the
afternoon.

At night the promenade concert will
take place at the Agricultural Hall,
with a display of fireworks at the State
House grounds.

The ball of the Governor's Guards
will take place Wednesday night.
The Opera House will be occupied by
a theatrical company.

Thursday, 15th—Fair, horse races
and bicycle races.

At night there will be a grand torch-
light procession, parade of the military
and fire department, fanatics, &c.

The ball of the South Carolina Club
takes place Thursday night.
Friday 16th—Fair and races.

At night the grandest display of fire-
works ever witnessed in a Southern
city.

Accommodations have been secured
for a large number of visitors. The Fair
will be the most successful in exhibits
and attendance ever held here. There
will be the finest racing stock ever seen
on a Columbia track. The hotels and
boarding houses have made prepara-
tions for the entertainment of more
guests than they have ever had at one
time.—*Columbia Register.*

Randall Not the Man.

The *New Haven Register* is one of
the two leading Democratic papers of
Connecticut. It does not regard with
favor the claims of Mr. Randall to the
Speakership. It says justly, and
forcefully:

"Mr. Randall is a man of unques-
tioned ability and integrity, but to
elevate him to the speakership of a
Congress, pronouncedly in favor of a
tariff reform, while he himself is a
protectionist, would be to choke off
all successful attempts at tariff re-
vision. We believe that Mr. Callisic's
election would meet with the appro-
val of the party at large, and would
give much greater satisfaction than
that of Mr. Randall's."

This is precisely what the ablest
Democratic papers in Massachusetts,
in New York, in Pennsylvania, in
Maryland, in South Carolina, in Geor-
gia, in Kentucky, in Missouri, in
Texas have said. We might extend
the list to Michigan, Maine and other
States. If Randall should by trick-
ery compass his ends, and in no other
way can he be elected, it will be a
great shock to that portion of the De-
mocracy that are fully persuaded in
their minds that Tariff Reform is the
great duty of their party, and that to
retain the present unequal, unjust and
oppressive High War Tariff, and for
the time Mr. Randall demands, ten
long years, would be a positive curse
to the country and a great and inex-
cusable wrong to all classes and con-
ditions who work for a living.

Feet or Stomach.

Archer Adams came out at the sta-
tion at Detroit with head erect and eyes
bearing a defiant expression, and when
charged with drunkenness he replied:
"I want the officers!"

"Very well. Officer, was he drunk?"
"Yes, sir."

"Hold on right there!" said the pris-
oner.
"Officer, do you know what a drunk
is?"

"Do you know the difference between
an attack of vertigo and a stupor of
intoxication?"
"Well—why—I never saw a case of
vertigo."

"Aha! Did you ever handle a man
in a fit?"
"No, sir."

"Aha! again! Did you ever care for
a case of stroke?"
"No, sir."

"Judge," said the prisoner as he
turned to the court, "this man's testi-
mony isn't worth shucks. I have been
charged with drunkenness. I want
proofs that I was drunk."

"Officer, did his breath smell of
whiskey?" asked the court.
"It did, sir, and terribly strong, too."

"Now, officer," said the prisoner,
"wouldn't whiskey rubbed on a sore
throat smell just the same as whiskey
taken internally? Could you tell the
difference?"

"I—I suppose not."
"Of course you couldn't. Your Hon-
or, I contend that you have no proofs
as yet."

"Prisoner, I'll leave it to you if you
weren't drunk. Come, now, I'd take
your testimony."
"Ah! Judge, that was a mean trick!"
sighed the prisoner. "If you must
have a fair answer then I must convict
myself. Yes, I was drunk, and my testi-
mony is straight-forward and solid."

"Well, I never doubted that such was
your condition, but I'll suspend sen-
tence this time and let you go. Don't
come here again, and the next time this
officer arrests a man who smells of rum
he wants to know whether the man has
been using it to warm up his feet or
his stomach."

A little girl's mother told her if she
went out of the gate, she would have
to whip her, and in an hour the young
one was picked up in the gutter, in the
midst of mud-pie making.

"I thought I told you if you went out
that gate I'd whip you," said the moth-
er, angrily.
"But I didn't do out de date, mam-
ma," replied the kid in a whimper.
"Yes, you did, and you've been out
here in the street for an hour, and look
like a pig."

"But, mamma, I didn't do out de
date."
"Yes, you did, too, and I'm going to
whip you."
"I didn't do out de date; I dum over
'e fence an' oo'ta't whip me 'is time,
mamma."

The Bad Boy.

The Deacon's Grab-Bag.

"What about that fuss at the social at
the deacon's night before last?" asked
the groceryman. "I heard the whole
church was mad at each other over a
grab-bag, and the presiding elder had
all he could do to quiet things."

"That don't amount to much," replied
the boy. "There's always something
turns up when the social season first
starts in. You see, ma was appointed
a committee to fix up a grab-bag. Me
and my chum were digging bait that
morning to go fishing. When we got
done I come in and found ma had
finished the grab-bag and had it all load-
ed with the top fastened with a pucker-
ing string, and hung on the back of a
chair. Ma was up stairs getting her
Sunday clothes on to go to the social,
so it didn't take me and my chum long
to empty the bag and get first choice.

Then I got our mouse-trap and took
it to the barn, and caught two nice, big,
fat mice and put 'em in a collar-box
with holes cut in it, to give 'em air, and
dropped that in the bag. Then my
chum remembered a big snapping turtle
he had in a swill barrel, and me and
him got that and wiped it as dry as we
could and tied it all up but its head,
and put that in just as the deacon's
hired man came to take the bag over to
the social. Me and my chum went
down to his house and waited till the
people got over to the social, then we
could see through the open win-
dow and hear all that was going on.
Pa, he stood over by the bag and
shouted, 'Ten cents a grab; don't let
nobody be backward in a good cause.
Three or four had put up their ten